

# LITERATURE



## RECOGNITION.

Amazed and dumb with almost human  
as the whole  
Appearing hosts of hell draws near  
as a  
The way one strong, indomitable soul  
May war with Destiny.

## ANGRY.

The time is due, nor may be long  
in coming with the cheer,  
Full volume of a brave new song  
The kind will hear.

## IMPUDENT.

These things, too mighty for man they  
The unbroken flame, and the un-  
chained sea;  
The furious wind that masterly flies,  
And the mocking light of rainless skies,  
To pale horse, stalking far abroad,  
Touch man the little, to call on God.

## THE LATTER-DAY POET.

I ain't very much of a poet;  
I can't soar so awfully high;  
I'm kind of low-garred an' I know it,  
An' I have to keep out of the sky.  
An' so while my star-gazer brother  
Kin tickle the gods with his pen,  
I josh along somehow or other,  
An' josh keep a-writin' for men.

I kin't 'at he's blissfully dwellin'  
With gods an' emperian springs,  
An' I kin't write one of 'em flogs,  
An' I'm down here simply a-tellin'  
O' plain human bein's an' things,  
An' I kin't be a poet no more,  
An' I kin't be a poet no more,  
An' I kin't be a poet no more.

I never have tackled a sonnet;  
An' I kin't do it no more;  
An' I kin't do it no more,  
An' I kin't do it no more,  
An' I kin't do it no more,  
An' I kin't do it no more,  
An' I kin't do it no more,  
An' I kin't do it no more.

Block ad proprietors, cross local forms,  
And indignation in its armorial snore,  
The Lyman Koppman in Morrow  
Sings

## NOTES.

William Dean Howells, the foremost  
of the literary writers today, is to  
be one of the literary advisers to the  
new edition of Harper & Brothers.  
The department of the "Easy Chair"  
in Harper's Magazine, made famous by  
George William Curtis, and abandoned  
when he died, is to be revived by Mr.  
Howells, and he will also contribute  
occasional critical articles, contemporary  
literary affairs to the North American  
Review.

By special arrangement Messrs. Har-  
per & Brothers have secured from Mr.  
Howells both personal and book  
rights in all of his future work.  
The department of the "Easy Chair"  
in Harper's Magazine was established  
by Mr. Howells in 1870, and it has  
since that time been a most popular  
feature of the magazine.

Mr. Howells' association with the  
magazine has been of long standing.  
For several years he has been the  
editor of the "Easy Chair" department,  
and he has also contributed many  
articles to the magazine, and he has  
also been one of the most successful  
of the magazine's contributors.

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for thirty years makes him particularly  
fitted for the task.

The last number of the "Academy"  
contains a little critical writing about  
the "Academy" by Mr. Arthur Symonds,  
who is, of course, a very competent  
critic. He says, "The Academy is a  
little bit of a Poet with the Heart-  
ache." We copy, says the Evening  
Post, a portion of what it  
says, as equally applicable to certain  
of our young American writers, the  
majority of whose aches appear to  
emanate from a lower portion of the  
human body than occupied by the  
heart:

"A poet is what he is, and it is idle  
to complain that he is not something  
else. But when a poet has the gifts  
that Mr. Arthur Symonds undoubtedly  
possesses, one cannot but regret that  
he should cultivate just one poor little  
field of the world's pastures. He is  
a man and weary muse; his philosophy  
of life is attenuated and anaemic; he  
never escapes from himself. He is  
all cries and laments and regrets. The  
sun never shines upon him, the birds  
never sing. He is tired of sorrow, he  
is tired of rapture, and he would wash  
the dust of the world in a soft green  
field. We have searched his book in  
vain for one single, healthy emotion.  
Even the spring is a distress."

"Something has died in my heart: is it  
death or sleep?  
I know not, but I have forgotten the  
meaning of spring."

And yet in his own perverse way Mr.  
Symonds is a poet. His diction is sim-  
ple, and often exquisite; many of his  
passages have a haunting and melan-  
choly beauty, but it is the beauty of  
emotion, not of feeling.

A well known American writer ex-  
presses himself as follows on the sub-  
ject of literary remuneration:

"At the present moment of writing  
the twentieth century of progress, in-  
vitably a cornucopia bursting with pos-  
sibilities of all sorts, upon which most  
of us are looking with feelings of interest  
and anxiety. That the hundred years  
period that lies before us will prove  
sensationally rich in material progress,  
in new inventions and in the develop-  
ment of electricity and other forces  
even less understood, is something not  
to be doubted. But a subject of far  
greater importance to the writer of  
the future is the question of the de-  
gree of prosperity than any of his litera-  
ture has ever known. Certainly, if his con-  
dition improves during the next twenty

Far be it from me to write anything  
that might encourage the incompetent  
to rush into literature, but I feel into  
journalism—to quote the usual phrase—  
but my firm belief is that we are just  
entering upon a period in which the  
high class writer or specialist in litera-  
ture will receive a far greater degree  
of prosperity than any of his litera-  
ture has ever known. Certainly, if his con-  
dition improves during the next twenty



"Is your mamma cross? Mine is  
awful cross! Does your mamma say  
'Hush!' when you laugh or make a  
little bit of a noise? My mamma does.  
She has nerves, papa says."

The mother who overheard this ac-  
count of herself would feel heart-broken  
to think of the shadow cast by her misery  
on those she loved. Yet her condition is  
real. Her nerves are strained to the  
point of rupture. Lack of appetite and  
loss of sleep increase her weakness.

Such a condition may, in general be  
traced to disease of the delicate womanly  
organism, a cure for which is found in  
the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pres-  
cription. It establishes regularity, heals  
inflammation and ulceration and cures  
female weakness. It tranquilizes the  
nerves, encourages the appetite and in-  
duces refreshing sleep.

"I have been a constant sufferer from uterine  
disease for five years," writes Mrs. J. A. Stearns,  
of Vaucluse Dam, Clay Co., West Virginia, "and  
for six months previous to taking your medicine  
I was not out of my room. Could not walk or  
stand, as there was such pain and drawing in  
left side and bearing-down weight in region of  
uterus, accompanied with soreness. I suffered  
constantly with headache, pain in back, should-  
ers, arms and chest; and could not sleep nor  
lie down. When I had taken three bottles of  
the medicine the periods were regulated. I  
was not so nervous, could sleep well, and my  
health is better at this time than it has been  
in five years."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets stimulate the liver.

years in the same proportion that it  
has during the past two decades, he  
will have no reason to complain of his  
lot.

When I consider the state of the  
writer of twenty years ago, the small  
prices which his work commanded and  
the wretchedness of his lot, I feel that  
open to him, I feel that we of the pres-  
ent day have ample cause for thanks-  
giving.

In 1880 there were but three maga-  
zines of any importance—Harper's,  
The Century and The Atlantic. It was  
not until about that time that the  
first named was forced by the ex-  
ample of its most formidable rival, The  
Century, into printing the signatures  
of its authors. Unless a story or poem  
falls me "McLeod of Dair" was printed  
in the early part of this year without  
William Black's name. The Century  
was looked upon as the highest reward  
of merit, and the young writer who suc-  
ceeded in getting a story or poem to  
this magazine was considered well  
along on the road to fame.

Between the magazines which offered  
little else but glory to those who were  
not of the upper rounds of the ladder,  
and the daily newspapers from which  
most of us gained our bread, there  
yawned a wide gulf, dotted here and  
there with such stopping stones as  
Puck, Wild Oats, Frank Leslie's Week-  
ly, to which were added later the Mc-  
Clure and Bachelor newspapers, syndi-  
cates, Judge, Life, and a host of other  
growing periodicals. The gulf that  
yawned between Park Row and the  
serene literary heights from which the  
magazine editors and contributors  
looked down upon us was indeed a wide  
one in those days, and I used to fancy  
that I could detect a glance of conscious  
superiority on the face of nearly every-  
one of those "immortals," and there  
were not more than forty of them at  
that time.

They had but scant reason for undue  
pride, for there was scarcely one of  
them who made as much money as the  
best reporters, and even when they  
developed from newspaper hacks into  
novelists, their rewards were not much  
better. Even the very best literary  
men of the day, Holmes, Longfellow,  
Bryant, Steadman and Stoddard found  
it advisable to follow some other calling  
besides literature, or order to provide  
themselves with the comforts and lux-  
uries of life.

As for the American dramatist, he  
was simply an object of general ridi-  
cule twenty years ago. When John  
Magnus and Emil Langmaster actually  
succeeded in selling "Conscience" to  
Clara Morris, and when Bronson How-  
ard began to be regarded seriously, and  
A. M. Palmer and Augustin Daly bought  
money and the literary world came to  
us thought that the millennium was  
at hand, but not one of us could have  
foretold the good fortune that was in  
store for certain American dramatists  
of the year 1900 and thereafter.

The twenty years that have done  
more for the American literary man  
than the eighty that preceded them.  
And not the least among the many  
blessings which these two decades have  
brought is the invention of the type-  
writer, which enables a man to do his  
work without additional labor. In  
place of the three great magazines, there  
are now at least half a hundred  
periodicals that pay good prices, to say  
nothing of the daily newspapers, and  
particularly their Sunday editions, many  
of which print signed contributions  
from the very best and most distin-  
guished writers in the world.

I have a firm belief in the better-  
ment of the literary man's condition  
during the years that lie directly before  
us, and that belief is based on the popu-  
larity of the one-cent newspapers and  
their five-cent Sunday editions. They  
are spreading the reading habit among  
classes that formerly had none, and  
the bare news of the day, and are add-  
ing every year to the enormous number  
of book buyers that our country boasts  
of.

The following letter which appeared in  
the New York Evening Post recently  
has caused something like a sensation  
in magazine circles:

To the Editor of the Evening Post:  
Sir:—You will be kind enough to let  
me explain in your columns some of  
the novel entitled "The Congressman's  
Wife," which appears in the January  
number of The Smart Set, with my  
name attached is not printed as I  
wrote it, and published as it stands  
against my protest. It directly came  
to me in proof, I found that the editor,  
Mr. Arthur Grissom, had made an appal-  
ling number of verbal changes, all unne-  
cessary, many trifling and silly, several  
ludicrous. He had changed the name  
of the heroine, and had altered the  
plot. In one instance the original  
phrase has been restored; but the other  
changes have all been retained. Some  
of them I did not object to—they were  
of so little consequence, did wonder,  
however, why he should have made  
them. "A Parisian Household," a clever  
story of Parisian life, by Paul Bourget,  
translated by Mary D. Frost, and Ed-  
mund de Amiel's striking autobio-  
graphical sketches, "My Childhood and  
School Days." A note-  
worthy feature of recent numbers has  
been Dr. Morrison's papers on the siege  
of Pekin. The Living Age gives an  
American reader the cream of the Eng-  
lish and Continental reviews of the  
year. It is printed by The Living Age  
Company.

"Mind" for January opens with an  
article by Captain Basil Witherell of  
Westminster Abbey, London, entitled  
"God Is Love," which, a foot note  
states, embodies the substance of a  
sermon delivered by Canon Witherell  
in Westminster Abbey some time  
ago. The editor has printed it. It was  
given by the distinguished speaker  
to Editor Patterson, who had the  
pleasure of listening to the discourse  
when he was on his last visit in Eng-  
land. In the Doctrine of Non-Resist-  
ance, John Hay Chapman discusses the  
logical and scientific application of that  
exceedingly problematic doctrine "Re-  
sist not Evil" to the experience of life.

"The World We Live In," is an article  
by S. P. Meacham, M. D. In which the  
author states the result of scientific  
research in material lines as proving  
that the universe is a mental and in no  
way a sense-conception. "Social In-  
fluences of the Fine Arts," "Religious  
Training of Public Schools," and "Social  
Growth" are other important articles  
in the number, and the magazine de-  
parts from its usual line in presenting  
a serial story, "Mata the Magician,"  
the first chapter of which promises an  
interesting and original story of occult  
phenomena and incidents.

The departments are unusually at-  
tractive and the complete number up to  
its usual excellent standard.—Alliance  
Pub. Co., New York.

The serial story now running in the  
Youth's Companion entitled "Tilda  
Jane" is one of the most fascinating  
that has appeared in recent years. The  
story is the work of an orphan, a  
young girl who runs away from her un-  
sympathetic guardians, and whose adven-  
tures in eluding the search made for her  
make most interesting material for the  
Companion's readers.

A reviewer of the story is "Currie's Or-  
ange Crop" and the noted writer of  
animal stories, Ernest Seton Thomp-  
son has an interesting story of a dog.

A thrilling incident of adventure is  
related in the story of an orphan who  
has fallen from a cliff to the edge of a  
precipice, by tying a rope to his own  
ankle in order to make it long enough  
to reach the unfortunate victim of the  
accident. The departments are also  
made up of articles of unusual interest.

In His Good Time.  
The old doctor had measured out the  
soothing powders and fastened his sad-  
dle bags. His patient lived in a lonely  
farmhouse, far from drug-shops and  
neighbors.

"This medicine is only to quiet the  
pain," he asked, as her mother took it  
from him and went out.  
"Yes."

And told the good old men have known  
since the first morning of the earth?

In the last number of the London  
Academy is a symposium of opinions  
from famous literary men on the book  
which had appeared in 1900. Among  
them Frederick Harrison says that "the  
only first-class book of 1900 has been  
Maurice Hewlett's 'Richard Yea and  
Nay.'"

BOOKS.  
Grace Gallatin Seton-Thompson has  
written a charming book in "A Woman  
Tenderfoot," which she has illustrated  
with a great number of pictures of  
scenes in the marit. It is a record of  
her open air life in her frequent hunting  
trips with her husband, and it includes  
a good deal of her philosophy, which is  
breezy and wholesome and free from  
fads. The story of her first elk and her  
first antelope, of the long rides which  
she made over the Rockies after materi-  
al for her husband's sketches; of her  
experience one day alone in camp with  
giving her the full details of the three  
men he had killed last before he was  
put in the penitentiary. When some of  
her friends remonstrated with the artist  
over leaving his wife at the mercy of  
such a desperado he replied that she  
was safer with this man, who was chiv-  
alrous and kind to women, than she  
could have been with some Eastern  
dukes. The author gives practical hints  
for women who wish to go hunting or  
camping, with suggestions in regard to  
costume and methods of securing the  
greatest comfort. The book will be a  
delight to any one who is fond of life  
in the open air. New York: Doubles-  
day, Page & Co.

"The House Behind the Cedars," by  
Charles W. Chesnut, is a North Caro-  
lina story of a quarter of a century ago,  
and an illustration of the rapid social  
degradation attaching to an admixture  
of negro blood, even though invisible to  
the eye. It is a well told story, without  
race offense or direct moralizing, of a  
beautiful North Carolina village girl  
who, while on a visit to her brother in  
South Carolina, a lawyer of repute and  
unquestioned social standing, wins the  
heart of a young man of aristocratic in-  
stincts, and engages herself to him in  
marriage. A business matter taking him  
to the village of her birth, he there  
discovers the existence of her secret, and  
note-attain of negro blood in the veins  
of herself and brother, not discernable  
to the eye, and at once cancels his mar-  
riage engagement by letter, reluctantly  
giving his reason therefor. He dare not  
public opinion by giving her his name.  
The young man, who is attached to her,  
the blow is severe to both. She utters  
no complaint, but bravely bears the  
burden of her grief. She becomes a  
teacher among the lowly, and finally  
passes peacefully away, while he is  
hastening to ask her forgiveness.

"The Consolation of Coralle," by F.  
Frankfort Moore, is the story of a  
bright young American girl, whose in-  
dignant millionaire father, engrossed  
in the business of feeding Europe through  
the agency of his own country, permits her  
to swell the measure of her accomplish-  
ments by a visit to aristocratic and  
titled friends in England, to one of the  
latter of whom she is distantly related.  
With these advantages, supplemented  
by the removal of her mother and the  
loss of her father's fortune, she gives  
something more than a kindly greeting.  
She is best by fortune hunters, and  
shares are laid for her, in some of which  
she barely escapes entanglement, but  
she emerges from the campaign with  
the removal of her mother and the loss  
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of her father's fortune, she gives  
something more than a kindly greeting.

There is nothing more to be done,  
then?"

The old man took her hand and  
stroked it gently for his only answer.  
She was a stout, middle-aged woman  
who had suffered for many years. He  
wondered why she wished to stay any  
longer. He had known her since she  
was a child, and he could speak can-  
didly to her. They were alone. She had  
been a faithful Christian woman.

He held up the lean hand of which  
every knuckle was distorted by pain.  
"These clothes are nearly worn out,  
Sarah," he said, tenderly. "It is time  
you had a new garment."

"Yes," she cried passionately. "If I  
knew that God would give it to me!  
But what do we know of that place  
there beyond? Nobody has come back to  
tell us!"

The doctor was silent, watching her  
anxiously. She was in no condition for  
argument.  
"This old body is ugly and worn out, I  
know," she went on, excitedly, "but it  
is I! I cannot think of myself in any  
other shape. And in a few days it will  
be rotting under up on the hill. Where  
shall I be then?"

The old man walked up and down the  
room. He knew that the end was near.  
How could he help her? Suddenly he  
came back bringing a little pot in which  
bloomed some mignonette.  
"Sarah," he said, "a few weeks ago I  
saw you plant some little black seeds in  
this earth. Out of them has come this  
beautiful, fragrant thing. The black  
blossoms of the gull lie rotting in the  
earth. 'If God so clothe the grass of  
the field, . . . shall He not much  
more clothe you, O ye of little faith?'"

"Give it to me!" she said, quickly.  
He placed the little pot in her hands.  
Her eyes were full of sudden tears. The  
old man went out quietly and left her  
alone with God and the poor little com-  
forter that He had sent.

The next day the doctor was sum-  
moned in haste, but when he came he  
found that she had already thrown  
aside her old garments and had gone to  
be clothed anew by Him who makes all  
things beautiful in His own good time.

Too hurried.  
A "tenderfoot" who was trying his  
luck on a Western ranch was at first  
horrified by the table etiquette which  
prevailed among his associates.

One day his feelings evidently came  
so near the surface that a cowboy  
whose performance with a table-knife  
of unusual size had aroused the tender-  
foot's amazement, paused with another  
knifeful of food half-way to his lips.  
"What's the matter?" inquired the  
cowboy, with disconcerting promptness.  
In the tone of one who means to be an-  
swered.

"Ah—er—nothing," hastily responded  
the tenderfoot.  
"Look here," cried the cowboy, with  
a menacing air, "I've got you all en-  
compassed hard on the table. I want you  
to understand that I've got manners, but  
I haven't got time to use 'em—that's  
all!"

EYES OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.  
Vision Impaired by the Defects of  
School Buildings.

The number of children wearing spec-  
tacles whom one meets in the street  
gives rise to the reflection that in a  
generation or two every civilized hu-  
man being will find artificial aid to  
sight necessary, says the New York  
News. The fault for this state of af-  
fairs can easily be placed in the school-  
room, for it is there, in nine cases out  
of ten, that injury is first done to the  
delicate organs of vision. Even in the  
most modern buildings erected for edu-  
cational purposes the rooms are poorly  
lighted, and the windows are placed  
with no regard to well known rules of  
optics, causing a continual strain upon  
the vision of the pupils.

It is a common thing in school build-  
ing architecture to place the black-  
board between two windows, with the  
result that the little ones are blinded  
by a glare in their endeavors to de-  
cipher indistinct green chalk marks on a  
shining black surface. The character  
of the print in the average textbook,  
too, has to bear the blame for the con-  
dition of many nearsighted children,  
while the pernicious habit of studying  
at home at night has made its thou-  
sands blind.

Some day the parents and education-  
al authorities of the land will awaken  
to the fact that they are raising half  
blind men and women to carry on the  
world's work and then there will be  
a change in school methods, so far, at  
least, as they relate to the science of  
optics. This science, by the way, is  
taught in our schools from an early  
grade, but those who teach do not seem  
to take any interest in the examples of  
its misapplication that are continually  
before them.

VITAL FORCE  
Is it lacking in men  
and women who are  
as strong as they should  
be when they are weak  
and have no energy or ambition.  
Vital Force is nothing but  
Electricity. We are a  
sick, tired, nervous race,  
and it is not enough  
Electricity in the system and  
it must be supplied. Nature  
will not supply it, for, per-  
haps, Nature has been im-  
paired. Electric Belts and  
Electrical Suspensory  
supply the needed Elec-  
tricity and you soon become  
strong and vigorous. I give  
you a legitimate guarantee  
that my belt will cure you. If  
it fails, I will refund every  
cent you pay me for it.

DR. BENNETT'S  
ELECTRIC BELT  
Entirely different and must  
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ings of the seventy-first semi-annual  
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of the General Conference of the De-  
sert, 8, S. Union, held at Salt Lake City.  
Price per copy postpaid, 10 cents.

There is nothing more to be done,  
then?"

The old man took her hand and  
stroked it gently for his only answer.  
She was a stout, middle-aged woman  
who had suffered for many years. He  
wondered why she wished to stay any  
longer. He had known her since she  
was a child, and he could speak can-  
didly to her. They were alone. She had  
been a faithful Christian woman.

He held up the lean hand of which  
every knuckle was distorted by pain.  
"These clothes are nearly worn out,  
Sarah," he said, tenderly. "It is time  
you had a new garment."

"Yes," she cried passionately. "If I  
knew that God would give it to me!  
But what do we know of that place  
there beyond? Nobody has come back to  
tell us!"

The doctor was silent, watching her  
anxiously. She was in no condition for  
argument.  
"This old body is ugly and worn out, I  
know," she went on, excitedly, "but it  
is I! I cannot think of myself in any  
other shape. And in a few days it will  
be rotting under up on the hill. Where  
shall I be then?"

The old man walked up and down the  
room. He knew that the end was near.  
How could he help her? Suddenly he  
came back bringing a little pot in which  
bloomed some mignonette.  
"Sarah," he said, "a few weeks ago I  
saw you plant some little black seeds in  
this earth. Out of them has come this  
beautiful, fragrant thing. The black  
blossoms of the gull lie rotting in the  
earth. 'If God so clothe the grass of  
the field, . . . shall He not much  
more clothe you, O ye of little faith?'"

"Give it to me!" she said, quickly.  
He placed the little pot in her hands.  
Her eyes were full of sudden tears. The  
old man went out quietly and left her  
alone with God and the poor little com-  
forter that He had sent.

The next day the doctor was sum-  
moned in haste, but when he came he  
found that she had already thrown  
aside her old garments and had gone to  
be clothed anew by Him who makes all  
things beautiful in His own good time.

Too hurried.  
A "tenderfoot" who was trying his  
luck on a Western ranch was at first  
horrified by the table etiquette which  
prevailed among his associates.

One day his feelings evidently came  
so near the surface that a cowboy  
whose performance with a table-knife  
of unusual size had aroused the tender-  
foot's amazement, paused with another  
knifeful of food half-way to his lips.  
"What's the matter?" inquired the  
cowboy, with disconcerting promptness.  
In the tone of one who means to be an-  
swered.

"Ah—er—nothing," hastily responded  
the tenderfoot.  
"Look here," cried the cowboy, with  
a menacing air, "I've got you all en-  
compassed hard on the table. I want you  
to understand that I've got manners, but  
I haven't got time to use 'em—that's  
all!"

EYES OF SCHOOL CHILDREN.  
Vision Impaired by the Defects of  
School Buildings.

The number of children wearing spec-  
tacles whom one meets in the street  
gives rise to the reflection that in a  
generation or two every civilized hu-  
man being